

G-Unit "The Gang"

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[Intro: 50 Cent]

Yea

I ain't even gotta tell them who it is, I be like wussup its
the Kid, they know its me man. Fuckin kiddin me I run
New York.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]x2

Yall niggas know me, 'cause I do my thang man
You look you gonn' see, G-Unit's my gang man
You front on me, Ill pull out the thang thang
Pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains man

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

They say ima trouble maker, ima waste of shit right
Keep my strap on me niggas front ima get right
I dont care if its broad day, or its night
Im out on bail money and my lawer fees i be alright
I aint no pussy I aint no punk niggas know bout me
And know my flows, know the clothes, and know the
hoes I see
I move around its hard as hell tryin to be low key
'cause every gangsta in the hood fuckin listen to me
And if I say im in my Bentley you could picture me
rollen
But if I said that shit last year you could picture it stolen
My dirty ass clean now, Im fresh out the hood
If you mad 'cause i aint hookin your ass up den good
Niggas aint neva did a thing for me, now they wanna
hang with me
Next thing you know they got they hands out, wantin
from me
I dont play no games homie, I keep that thang on me
I lay a bitch nigga down

[Chorus: 50 Cent]x2

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[Bridge: 50 Cent]

This is Benzes, BM's and Bentley's, back to back, when

we come through
Palmer's, Rangers, Denali's, Escalades you know how
we do, G-UNIT!

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

You fuckin right a nigga still in the hood call me
they say that the feds want me
but they gotta come and get me, we aim for the head
homie
pistol grip pumps with the rubber grips pop till it stop
then slide in another clip burnin down the block
you dont know who you fuckin with until you get shot
see buck is on some other shit
I keep a desert eagle in my reagle just for a bitch

[Chorus: 50 Cent]x2

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[Verse 3: Spider Loc]

Now tell these niggas to make room, clear the path
Whoever stand in my way they doomed, I might do a
year and a half
For stabbin a bitch, when I'd rather be in my lab stabbin
a bitch
Licken her out then im kickin her out
I gots the best work on the block, this is just a sample
im givin out
Once they get a taste they gon be waitin out
Forget about these other new rappers they can move
past us
Get down and dirty like used ratches, and my crew
flashes
You gon be fucked up, tough luck you bustas better
hush up
848 thugs what, 50 told me the games ova homie its
rays time
You ready here it come, when I appear they run
And you dont hear from the niggas till the coast is clear
The east coast is where I rest
But I be out west, getting love from them sets, them
Mexicans and Samoans
So I dont need to check your resume, doggy im knowin

[Chorus: 50 Cent]x2

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[Verse 4: Tony Yayo]

Beam on the mac, will put wings on ya back
How ya ass gonn' walk when ya leg detached
Yo the game changed, lil niggas run the streets yo
The black panther nigga down like dee-bo
My curfew at 9, im low for my P.O
We pop up at 12 just to search the condo
G-unit is the gang man, niggas go hard
So my hearts gone colder than Atticans yard

[Verse 5: Lloyd Banks]

I only been in the game for a year it aint changed
but im hot, inside ya brains in the rear of the range
I be valid till im guilty, yea they call me slitherin
Them cowards should of killed me, im powerful and
filthy
So niggas say sorry, before I let them Goons loose
And send ya ass home wit the rims like prune juice
Im New York's prince, Bent like tints
Signed wit 50, i been in da benz brand since

[Chorus: 50 Cent]x2

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